

Letter 789  
**DREAM**  
**The Mother Fox and The Warlock**  
2019-05-09

Dear **Yeshua**,

**Tuesday, 7 May 2019, 5:15AM.**

At about 4:40AM I was awakened from a two part dream.

**I DREAMED THAT:**

**Part #1 -**

I had entered and was standing inside the living room of a smaller, wood frame house. As I stood, with the front door to my right, I could see a couch situated along the opposite wall, with a lady and two kids seated upon the couch.

Then I looked down at my feet and saw a small Mother Fox. I knew the reason I was in the house was to kill the Fox. I stepped on the neck and hindquarters of the Fox with my two feet, one at either end of the Fox's body. Then I bent over and reached down and killed the Fox with my Bowie Knife, which I had immediately procured while I was bending over from my personal stash of weapons which I keep in spirit-space.

As soon as I do that, I see two or three other Smaller Foxes scurry away from their dead Mother Fox. But this did not cause me any concern because I knew that they would soon die, since their Mother was now dead, and there was no one left to feed or care for them.

I could tell that the lady sitting on the couch was not very happy. She did not want me to kill the Fox, but there really wasn't anything she could do about it.

At this point I leave that House through a side door and...

**Part #2 -**

... I walk into the living room of another house, next door to the one I just left. After getting inside and getting my bearings, I could feel that the spirit-space atmosphere was full of weird and strange influences.

I also saw that I was standing in about the same position as I was in the previous house, with the front door to my right, and a couch in the corner across from me. But the living room was a little larger than in the first house. I did not see any other people in the house like there was in the first house. My purpose in being there was to introduce myself to whoever lived there.

Then suddenly from my left I see what looked like a 5 foot long yellow foam "noodle", the kind that kids play with in public swimming pools. It moves quickly, seemingly on its own, sliding across the floor, and then coming to a stop in the corner where the couch is, standing

up and lodging in the corner. There was no visible means of motion. It just slid across the floor and stood up, apparently from its own power.

This was supposed to distract me from my true mission, which was to introduce myself to the Head of the House I was in.

I turned back a little to my left from this brief interruption to see a Man standing in front of me and a little to my left. He was facing away from the front door I had just entered in from, putting his left side toward the front of my body.

The Man is about six feet two inches tall (I am five foot, eight inches), making him somewhat taller than me. He is heavy-set, but not fat. Rather he is muscular and well-built. His entire head is bald, and he is wearing a full length black trench-coat.

I turn more toward him and extend my right hand his way in a genuine gesture of polite greeting, while at the same time saying:

“HOW DO?”

which is short for “how do you do?”

He then takes my right hand with his right hand, having turned to almost fully face me. As soon as our hands grasp, without any effort on my part, his right arm tears away from his shoulder. Just then a very strange phenomenon occurs. His whole, dismembered arm starts to move with a life of its own. It bends in an unnatural way so that the torn off end is trying to bend and move directly in front my my face, in order to obstruct my line of sight to the man. When it does this I can see all the ripped off ganglia, muscle, tendons, and bloody, liquidy mess.

I am not dismayed by this, nor even distracted. I just move my head to my left a little in order to see more clearly the man who had just lost his Right Arm. As soon as I see the Man’s face, the dream ended.

**END OF DREAM.**

I woke very tired from this dream. But as the day went on, the Lord Holy Spirit sent healing instructions to my angel crew. It is now 6:30PM. I took a short nap at about noon, and now I do feel better than I did earlier throughout the day.

The Lord previously informed me that both of the Houses we were in were Houses of Witchcraft. The Fox House was designated to send little Witch-Demons Foxes out into the World to eat up the new growth of the seeds of the Gospel of Jesus from the hearts of those whose hearts had just received Water and Son-shine. They would also get into the Hen Houses and attack the Layers, along with eating any little Chicks they could find.

The second house was the Home of a High Order Warlock, a Spirit of Wickedness in a High Place, assigned to the City of Redmond, Washington. He was in charge of the overall effort

of HR to bring as much destruction to the Church and the World as possible within the City of Redmond.

All the while in both dreams, I knew I had Associates with me who were on my side. I did not see them, nor acknowledge their presence. I just knew they were there, and that they had my back should anything go awry with the mission. These Associates were of course my assigned Angel Crew.

All evil spirits I had contact with in both parts of this dream are now in the Pit, per the order of King Jesus, and the Lord Holy Spirit's Rule of Engagement. Amen.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus